



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

285. n.

54.



600083543T





Patriotism:

AN ANCIENT LYRICO-EPIC POEM,

Translated from the Original Slavonic by



A. H. WRATISLAW, M.A.,

FELLOW AND TUTOR OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Τιμᾶέν τε γάρ ἐστι καὶ ἀγλαὸν ἀνδρὶ μάχεσθαι
Γᾶς πέρι καὶ παίδων κουριδίας τ' ἀλόχου.

Tyrtæus.

LONDON :

WHITTAKER AND CO., AVE MARIA LANE.

RUGBY :

CROSSLEY AND BILLINGTON, MARKET PLACE.

1851.

285. n. 54.

1

2

INTRODUCTION.

Orpheus, Homer, the Attic Tragedians, and a crowd of other Poets, whose fame has descended to us either in fragments or by traditionary rumour, celebrated the greatness and the glories of the heroes of Greece; the rugged notes of Ennius gave a prelude to the grandeur of the Romans; and later, the bards and scalds awoke the Scottish and Norwegian echoes, until the troubadours and minnesingers arose to celebrate the chivalrous exploits and adventures of knighthood. The Slavonians also, from a remote epoch, in the midst of the gloom of paganism, possessed their Lumirs, Bojans, and other national minstrels, whose harps related their great and heroic deeds. Among the Slavonians it is the Bohemian or Czeskish race, whose native monuments date from the most remote antiquity. Of these, the most curious and grand is due to a discovery of the learned Hanka, in the year 1817. In a vault under the church at Králový dvur or Koeniginhof, (Queen's-court) under a sheaf of arrows, which had lain there since the times of the invincible but ruthless Hussite leader Ziska, he found a portion of a manuscript of the 13th century, torn from a larger volume, and containing a

number of poems, of which several date from times antecedent to the introduction of Christianity. Published in 1819 with a modern Bohemian translation, and re-produced several times since with translations in German and Polish, these poems deservedly excited general astonishment and admiration, not more through their venerable antiquity, than owing to the elaborate perfection, by which they are distinguished, and which challenges comparison with the most brilliant productions of the middle ages. Some of them are of an epic and historical, others of a lyrical character, and if one may trust the testimony of the chapters marked upon the mutilated manuscript, the volume of which it formed a portion must have contained more than one hundred and fifty poems similar to those which a fortunate chance has lately restored to light. Several of these have been very incorrectly translated by Dr. Bowring in his *Cheskian Anthology*, and also (I hope more correctly) by myself in my *Lyra Czeskoslovanská*; but the following Poem, which I have entitled "Patriotism," and which is undoubtedly the most striking of the whole collection, has never before appeared in an English dress.

Zaboj (Destroyer), a powerful warrior of the still heathen Bohemian nation, which, after the death of one of its chieftains, was oppressed by the neighbouring Germans, and partially forced to yield an unwilling allegiance to the Christian faith, secretly unites his friends, exhorts them to vengeance, and joining his band to that of *Slavoj*, (*Glorious*) his brother in arms, attacks the Germans commanded by *Ludiek* (*Ludovic, Ludwig*), kills their General with his own hand, makes a great slaughter of them, and restores liberty to his country.

Such is, in its simplicity, the plot of this remarkable Poem, the fire and martial energy of which plainly indicate the inspiration of a contemporary bard. But what is its date? What are its circumstances? What is the real part played by the actors in it? These are questions for which we cannot find a solution amidst the troubles of a time, when the Bohemians, divided amongst different chieftains, and with their independence perpetually menaced by their neighbours, possessed neither positive annals nor regular historical tradition. Among the literati who have occupied themselves with the examination of this national poem, some have discovered in Ludiek, the oppressor of the Bohemians, the illustrious emperor Louis the German, an opinion refuted immediately by the very text, which plainly describes Ludiek as the lieutenant of a monarch, and not a monarch himself. Others think, and according to Eichhoff* with greater probability, that the antiquity of the Poem ascends to a still remoter epoch, when the name of Ludiek or Chludvieg was already common among the Franks. In that case the event it records, and to which the poet attaches so much importance, may possibly have been the memorable defeat of a lieutenant of Dagobert, at Voigtberg, in 630, by the Vends, under Samo, who has generally been considered a Frank merchant, but who must have belonged to the Slavonic race, if, as is not improbable, the name of Samo given him in several chronicles is nothing but a far from unnatural corruption of that of Zabojsky, the hero of the present Poem.

* Histoire de la langue et de la littérature des Slaves par F. G. Eichhoff,
Paris, 1839.

Whatever the real subject may have been, this eminently patriotic work must have vividly recalled to the Bohemians the energetic struggles of their ancestors in defence of their liberty and faith against the cruel oppression of the Germans, to whom, in those centuries of darkness, religion served but as a pretext for the bloodiest of conquests and the most atrocious of tyrannies. The whole of the present kingdom of Prussia, exclusive of the Rhenish provinces, was formerly inhabited by Slavonians, who were absolutely exterminated by the Germans under the pretence of converting them to Christianity. Even at that remote period the sword of the flesh was a more favourite weapon of conversion in the hands of the Roman Church than that of the spirit, and a remarkable contrast is presented by the fierce resistance offered to Christianity thus forced upon a gallant nation by violence, and the ready attention with which the Moravians and Bohemians, at a somewhat later period, (862 to 885) received and welcomed the gentle persuasions of the Greek missionaries Cyrillus and Methodius. It is also worthy of notice, that religious worship, in a foreign, and of course the Latin tongue, is here represented as thrust upon and rejected by the Slavonians, while a Slavonic ritual and Slavonic instruction met with immediate and all but electric success, and to use the words of the old chronicler Nestor, "the Slavonians were glad to hear of the Glory of God in their own tongue."*

The ensuing Poem has been carefully and literally translated from the original, with the aid of the modern Bohemian paraphrase of Hanka, in the edition of 1819.

* Cyrillus und Methodius, die Apostel der Slawen, aus dem Russischen Sr. Eminenz des Herrn Bischofs von Riga, *Philaret*.

P A T R I O T I S M .

I.

In forest black a rock doth rise,
High on the rock doth spring
The mighty Zaboꝝ,* far and wide
His glance around to fling.
Sad sorrow fill'd his noble heart,
As round his glance did go,
And he mourn'd aloud, with a wood-dove's wail,
For his country's pain and woe.

II.

Long time he sate, long time he mus'd,
Then up, like a stag, sprang he,
And through the wood, the lonely wood,
Right speedily did flee ;
From man to man through all the land,
From warrior to warrior went,
And few the words he spake to each,
And secret their intent ;
Before the Gods he bow'd himself,
Then on, on his mission bent.

* Pronounced Zaboy.

III

The first, the second day is past,
 And men, a numerous band,
 On the third day's night, in the pale moonlight,
 All in the black wood stand.
 Thence Zaboĵ led them to a dell,
 All in the deep, deep wood,
 And harp* in hand before them all
 In the lowest vale he stood.

IV.

" O men of brotherly heart and true!
 O men of fiery gaze!
 " I sing to you from lowliest vale
 The lowliest of lays.
 " That lay, it springeth from my heart,
 From my bosom's deep recess,
 " And sunk and drown'd in woe it tells
 My soul's deep bitterness.
 " A sire† his wives and children left,
 And to his sires is gone;
 " He left them in their village home,
 But ah! he said to none,
 " ' O brother! speak a father's words,
 To these thus left alone.'
 " A stranger to the village came
 With violence and wrong,

* The *Varito*, the harp of the Slavonians, appears to correspond to the *βάρβιτον* of the Greeks.

† Allusion to the recent death of a chief, followed by a period of anarchy and an invasion of the enemy.

" He came and told a foreign tale
 All in a foreign tongue.
 " And as it is done in foreign lands
 From morn till eve arrives,
 " E'en so it must be done by us
 With our children and our wives.
 " And one * companion and no more
 On all our pilgrimage,
 " From Vesna to Morana, must
 Be ours, from youth to age.
 " No more may we our foreheads strike
 Before the Gods we know,
 " No more to them at even-tide
 With meats in offering go.
 " Where erst our fathers sacrific'd,
 When erst they praises sung,
 " They've fell'd the groves, and all the Gods
 Down from their thrones have flung."

V.

" Thou singest, Zboj, heart to heart,
 A song from the midst of woe,
 " Like Lumir,† who with words and song
 Right well to move did know
 " Proud Vyssehrad, and all the land
 That heard the god-like sound,

* The introduction of Christianity abolished polygamy, and forced the Bohemians to be content with a single wife, from Vesna, the goddess of spring and youth, (indian *usna*) to Morana, the goddess of death, (Greek *μοῖρα*, indian *Morana*).

† Lumir, the Bohemian Orpheus; Vyssehrad, *High-castle*, an ancient fort on a hill commanding the present city of Prague.

" E'en so thou movest me and all
 Our brethren here around.
 " The Gods in minstrels' good delight ;
 Sing on ! from them is given
 " The heart that speaks against the foe,
 Thy song it is from heaven."

VI.

On Slavoj Zaboj gaz'd awhile
 On his looks with anger fir'd,
 "Then further seiz'd their hearts with song,
 And patriot rage inspir'd :

VII.

" Two* sons, whose voices had assum'd
 E'en now the manly tone,
 " Were wont into the wood to go,
 And exercise alone.
 " With sword, with pole-axe, and with dart,
 Their hands they practis'd well,
 " In secret practis'd, and with joy
 Returned from hidden dell.
 " And when their arms and hands were strong,
 And their wisdom 'gainst the foe,
 " O then their brethren too at home
 To man's estate did grow.
 " And all upon the foemen sprang
 Their wrath like the stormy sky,
 " And to their village home return'd,
 The happiness gone by."

* Alluding to himself and Slavoj.

VIII.

O, swift to Zaboĵ's side they bound,
As low in the vale he stands,
And clasp him in their mighty arms,
And heart to heart take hands;
And words of wisdom spoken are
Among the patriot bands.

IX.

The night it goes, and the dawn comes on,
Fresh brightening into day,
The vale they leave, and scatt'ring wide,
Through the forest take their way.

X.

The first, the second day is past,
And now the third is done,
And Zaboĵ in the dark'ning night
Into the wood hath gone.
Behind him goes a company
Of men in wrathful mood,
And Slavoj too another band
Leads through the gloomy wood.
Each trusteth in his leader bold,
Each hates from his heart the king,
And each, against that tyrant fell,
A weapon sharp doth bring.

XI.

“Up, Slavoj! brother! up and on
To yonder hill so blue!

“ To yonder hill we'll bend our steps,
That all the land doth view ;
“ Thence onwards, towards the morning sun,
A darksome wood doth grow,
“ There hasten we our faithful hands
To plight for weal or woe.
“ Now speed thee with a fox's gait,
And I this way will go.”

XII.

“ O wherefore, brother Zaboĵ, must
Our arms from yon mountain bring
“ Their terrors ? Hence we'll storming go
'Gainst the armies of the king !”

XIII.

“ O brother Slavoj, wilt thou strike
And smite a serpent dead ?
“ 'Tis surest at the head to aim,
And yonder is his head.”

XIV.

The many scatter in the wood,
Dividing left and right :
These follow Zaboĵ, those attend
Fierce Slavoj to the fight ;
And towards the mountain blue they go
Deep through the forest's night.
And when the fifth day's sun arose,
True hands they gave and took,

And down beneath, with foxen eyes,
On the king's host they look.

XV.

" His armies Ludiek must unite,
To quell at a single stroke—
" Ho! Ludiek! thou art but a slave*
Set over the slavish folk!
" Go tell thy tyrant his command
To us is nought but smoke!"

XVI.

† In wrath did Ludiek shout aloud,
And his hosts together bring;
Beneath the sky 'twas glittering light,
As the sun his beams did fling
On the countless weapons, glancing bright,
Of the armies of the king.
All, all were ready for the war,
On every sword a hand,
And every foot in act to march,
As Ludiek might command.

XVII.

" O haste thee, Slavoj! brother, haste
This way with foxen pace!
" And I will charge him in the front,
And meet him face to face."

* Ludiek is evidently only the lieutenant and vassal of a powerful sovereign, and not a monarch himself.

† Compare this passage with Homer's *Iliad*, ii. 455. iv. 422, &c.

XVIII.

And forth rush'd Zaboj with his men,
Like a hail-storm on their van,
And Slavoj on their flank with his,
Like a hail-storm, charging, ran.

XIX.

" These, brother, these our trees did fell,
These, these, our Gods did rive,
" These from the forests chas'd the hawks !
The Gods will victory give ! "

XX.

Ha ! rage 'gainst Zaboj Ludiek hurls,
From the midst of the countless foe ;
And Zaboj with his eyes on flame
'Gainst Ludiek swift doth go.
As oak 'gainst oak contending fierce,
That all the wood may see,
So Zaboj did on Ludiek rush,
Before both armies free.

XXI.

High Ludiek whirl'd his mighty sword,
And pierc'd his shield's third hide ;
With pole-axe Zaboj struck a stroke,
But Ludiek sprang aside.
The pole-axe struck into a tree,
The tree on the host doth fall,
And thirty to their fathers go—
In wrath doth Ludiek call :

"Thou monster! giant serpent's brood!
 Come draw thy sword to fight!"
 And Zaboĵ heaves his sword, and doth
 A piece from his buckler smite;
 When Ludiek strikes again, his sword
 Doth vain on the tough shield light.

XXII.

With rage enflam'd they strike amain,
 Till each is wounded sore,
 A wound appears in every part,
 And all around is gore;
 And those in savage combat near
 With blood they spurtle o'er.

XXIII.

The sun o'erpasseth noon, from noon
 Approacheth towards even-tide,
 And still 'tis fought, nor here nor there
 Retreat on either side;
 Here Zaboĵ fought, and Slavoj there
 The foe alike defied.

XXIV.

"Hence, murd'rer! *Bies receive thee! hence!
 Why drink'st thou yet our blood?"
 And Zaboĵ seiz'd his mighty axe,
 But Ludiek aside hath stood.

* Bies, the evil spirit, connected probably with the German word *bos*.

Zaboj on high his pole-axe swung,
 And cast it at the foe ;
 The axe it flew and cleft the shield,
 And Ludiek's breast below.
 *The heavy axe the soul affrights,
 The soul by the pole-axe strong
 Is driven forth, and fathoms five
 Through the army borne along.

XXV.

Loud shriek the panic-stricken foe,
 When low their leader lies,
 But glad the shouts of Zaboj's bands,
 Joy sparkling in their eyes.

XXVI.

" O brethren ! the Gods have granted aid,
 And given us victory ;
 " And now divide we left and right,
 Steeds seek we speedily
 " In every vale ; with steeds must neigh
 The whole wood merrily ! "

XXVII.

" O brother Zaboj, lion brave !
 Cease not to press the foe ! "
 Lo ! Zaboj flings away his shield, †
 And onwards still doth go.

* Compare the deaths of Sarpedon (Il. xvi. 505) and Hector (Il. xxii. 362.)

† Zaboj may here be compared with Achilles, pursuing alone the whole Trojan army.—Il. xx. 490.

In one hand is his pole-axe strong,
 The other his sword doth hold,
 And thus through the enemy with speed
 His path he breaketh bold.

XXVIII.

The foe must shriek, the foe must flee,
 * Tras drives them from the field,
 And terror forces from their throats
 The cries of them that yield.

XXIX.

With neighing steeds the forest sounds ;
 “ Up, up ! to horse and ride !
 “ After the foe on horse-back go
 Through the regions far and wide !
 “ †Ye swift steeds, swift the vengeance bear,
 That our foemen doth betide !”

XXX.

The warriors on the swift steeds sprang,
 And galloping on the foe,
 With wound on wound remorselessly
 Did fiercest vengeance show.
 They pass the mountains and the plains,
 They pass the woods like wind,
 And right and left, as on they go,
 All things they leave behind.

* Tras (*Τρομος*, ind. *trasa*) the god of panic.

† Achilles thus addresses his steeds. Il. xix. 400.

XXXI.

*A mighty stream is hurtling wild,
 Wave after wave rolls on,
 But bound on bound both armies
 Through the stormy stream are gone.
 The waters seiz'd the foreigners,
 And whelm'd them in the tide,
 But safely bore the friends they knew
 To reach the other side.

XXXII.

Far, far and wide, through all the land,
 With its long wings spread on high,
 A furious glede with vengeful speed
 Doth chase the birds that fly.
 And Zabož's band through all the land
 Spreads wide, their foes to meet,
 And down they smite them everywhere
 Beneath their horses' feet.
 They chase them by night 'neath the moon's pale light,
 Beneath the sun by day,
 And then in the darksome night again,
 And then in the morning gray.

XXXIII.

A mighty stream is hurtling wild,
 Wave after wave rolls on,
 But bound on bound both armies
 Through the stormy stream are gone.

* Some consider these rivers to be the Angel and Mies in the West, others the Elbe and Eger in the north of Bohemia. Compare II. xxi. 1, where the Trojans fling themselves into the Xanthus.

The waters seiz'd the foreigners,
And whelm'd them in the tide,
But safely bore their countrymen
To reach the other side.
“ When we've got to yonder mountains gray,
Revenge will be satisfied.”

XXXIV.

“ O Zabo, brother, cease awhile!
The hills are not far away,
“ The foes that are left are faint and few,
And these for mercy pray.”

XXXV.

“ Back through the land by different paths
With speed, both thou and I,
“ And all that to the king belong'd
Destroy we utterly !”

XXXVI.

The wind it stormeth through the land,
On storm those armies twain,
Through every district left and right,
Through woodland and through plain,
With force extending far and wide,
With joyful shouts amain.

XXXVII.

“ Ho! brethren, see yon mountain gray!
Our late won victory,

“ There dwell the gods that gave it us,
And there from tree to tree
“ Flits many a soul through all the wood ;
The timid beasts and fowls
“ In terror flee, except alone
The ne’er affrighted owls.
“ On to the mountains let us go,
Our dead to bury there,
“ And to the Gods to sacrifice,
Who gave us freedom fair!
“ And many an offering we will bring,
And many a thankful strain,
“ And to them we will dedicate
The weapons of the slain.”

THE END



